

The History of

The very bottome and the soule of hope,
The very list, the very utmost bound
Of all our Fortunes.

Dom. Fayth, and so we should,
Where now remains a sweet reversion,
We may boldly spend upon the hope of what's to come in,
A comfort of retirement lives in this.

Hot. A randevous, a home to fly unto,
If that the Divell and mischance looke big
Upon the maydenhead of our affaires.

Wer. But yet I would your father had beene heere,
The quality and heire of our attempt
Brookes no division, it will be thought
By some, that know not why he is away,
That wisdom, loyalty, and meere dislike
Of our proceedings, kept the Earle from hence.
And thinke, how such an apprehension
May turne the tide of fearefull faction,
And breed a kinde of question in our cause:
For, well you know, we of the offering side,
Must keepe aloofe from strict arbitrement,
And stop all sight-holes, every loope, from whence
The eye of reason may prie in upon us:
This absence of your Father drawes a curtaine;
That shewes the ignorant, a kinde of feare
Before not dreamt of.

Hot. You straine too farre,
I rather of his absence make this use,
It lends a lustre and more great opinion,
A larger dare to your great enterprize,
Then if the Earle were heere: for men must thinke,
If we without his helpe, can make a head
To push against the Kingdome, with his helpe,
We shall, or turne it topsie turvy downe:
Yet all goes well, yet all our joynts are whole.

Dom. As heart can thinke, there is not such a word
Spoke of in Scotland, as this dreame of feare.

Enter Sir Rich. Vernon.

Hot.

Henry the Fourth.

Hot. My cousin *Vernon*, welcome by my soule.

Ver. Pray God my newes be worth a welcome, Lord.
The Earle of *Westmoreland*, seven thousand strong,
Is marching hitherward with Prince *John*.

Hot. No harme, what more?

Ver. And further, I have learned,
The King himselfe in person hath set forth,
Or hitherwards intended speedily,
With strong and mighty preparation.

Hot. He shall be welcome too; Where is his Sonne,
The nimble-footed mad-cap, Prince of *Wales*,
And his Cumrades, that daft the world aside,
And bid it passe?

Ver. All furnisht? all in Armes?
All plumpe like *Estriges*, that with the winde
Bayted like *Eagles*, having lately bath'd
Glittering in golden Coates like Images,
As full of spirit as the moneth of May,
And gorgeous as the Sunne at Midsummer;
Wanton as youthfull *Goats*, wild as young *Bulls*:
I saw young *Harry*, with his Bever on,
His Cushes on his thighes, gallantly arm'd,
Rise from the ground like feathered *Mercury*,
And vaulted with such ease into his seate,
As if an Angell dropt downe from the Cloudes,
To turne and winde a fiery *Pegasus*,
And witch the world with noble Horse-manship.

Hot. No more, no more, worfe then the Sunne in March
This prayse doth nourish Agues; let them come,
They come like Sacrifices in their trim,
And to the fire-eyde mayde of smoky warre,
All hot and bleeding, will we offer them:
The mayled *Mars* shall on his Altar sit
Up to the eares in bloud. I am on fire
To heare this rich reprizall is so nigh:
And yet not ours Come; let me take my Horse,
Who is to beare me like a thunder-bolt,
Against the bosome of the Prince *Wales*:

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Harry